



THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

In Continuation.

"I learned with joy that one of the sciences cultivated by Antoni was music. This discovery presented the infallible means of establishing between him and myself a point of communication of all others least liable to suspicion; for as every one knew my passion for music, my attentions to one distinguished in that art were the less remarkable.

"An opportunity of carrying my plan into execution soon presented itself; and as if every thing had conspired to render me more criminal, and Zanetta more unfortunate, it was herself who procured it. She came on the eve of a holiday, and asked me if I would accompany her the next morning to the parish church, where I should hear her lover sing; I eagerly embraced the offer, and early the next day repaired to the church with Zanetta.

"As the priests and musicians entered, I endeavoured by the description I had heard of Antoni, to discover him, but an expressive

gesture, and the sentiment of pleasure which suffused the countenance of Zanetta, better informed me of the appearance of her lover.

"Whatever ideas I had formed of this young man, I was soon convinced they fell short of what were due to him. Clad in a long and flowing robe of linen, drawn under his arms by a scarlet ribbon, and standing near a harp, the strings of which he touched with a masterly hand, he seemed an angel of heaven celebrating the glories of the most high. My heart had too long been consumed by a passion which had no distinct object, to remain insensible at such a spectacle. Soon the soft and pathetic voice of Antoni augmented his charms and my delirium—my senses were intoxicated, and the poison of love and desire entered my soul; I felt a devouring fever, succeeded by cold shiverings, run through my veins; my eyes, expressive of the languor I experienced, scarce distinguished any object: I heard nought but confused sounds, and I could scarce support myself. If Zanetta had not been absorbed in the contemplation of her lover, she must have perceived the situation I was in—

When we left the church, she asked me what I thought of Antoni. I concealed the sentiments with which he had inspired me under an affected reserve, and replied that he had an agreeable voice, and I complimented her on her good taste. This inspid compliment, which I would have expressed in terms of love and adoration, seemed to surprise Zanetta; and the poor girl left me, doubtless persuaded I possessed a heart of marble.

"When I returned to the castle, and was left alone, every sentiment, every affection I had experienced recurred to my imagination; instead of listening to the dictates of prudence, and combating my passion with the arms of wisdom, I abandoned myself to its delights—The more violent was the love I felt for Antoni, the greater was my hatred towards Zanetta. Determined, however, to spare no pains to triumph over the one, and obtain possession of the other.

"Full of this idea, I went the next day to the curate of Peschia. The venerable priest, in whose breast age had destroyed every passion, did not suppose that others could become the victims of them. He was only sensible to the pleasure of praising and hearing praised, him he called his nephew, and for whom he had the tenderness of a father, considering himself as an aged oak protecting with its foil a young and tender shrub.

"When Signor Chrysostome had heard the motive, or rather the pretence, of my visit, which was to praise his nephew, he hastened to send for him, and introduced me to him. You may imagine my joy, and at the same time my fears. Antoni sung, and accompanied on his divine harp; but though he augmented my desires, it was impossible to increase my love.

"From that moment he came every day to the castle; and tho' it was under colour of favouring me with his music, and in reality to see Zanetta rather than myself, yet the pleasure of seeing him, of speaking to him, of being near him, of expressing in passionate songs the situation of my heart, nourished the flames of that love before too violent to bear.

"A month passed in this manner, during which time I had only expressed myself by my looks. I however heaped favours on the uncle and nephew, and for the sake of appearances extended them to Zanetta.

"One day when we were singing a beautiful cantata of Metastasio, in which the charming poet describes, with so much truth, the delirium of a soul just receiving the reward due to its passion. 'With what ardor,' I exclaimed to Antoni, 'do you express that passage!—Happy will she be who may have power to inspire; but, alas! wretched must she be who has only the desire.'

"I know no one whom that could affect," replied the youth; 'for it does not follow because I am not disdained by one, that I possess sufficient merit to give uneasiness to others.'

"This is neither a proper time nor place to enter into a detail of either this conversation, or others of the same nature which succeeded it; suffice it for the Senate to learn that, unable to destroy that love which Antoni entertained for Zanetta, I at least formed the hope he would not refuse mine, when an unfortunate circumstance determined our common ruin.

"One fine evening in autumn, I was enjoying the fresh air in one of the walks of the park of Peschia, when my attention was excited by the sound of heavy sighs near me. I perceived the person from whom they proceeded, was only separated from me by a small grove of trees. I listened, but could not distinguish what she said—The moon which reflected upon the spot, afforded me an opportunity of perceiving it was Zanetta.—I doubted not but her lover was the cause of her tears, and was convinced of it when I saw him slowly advancing towards the place where she was sitting. I lost none of their motions. Zanetta, with her face half concealed by her hands, and her back turned towards Antoni, feigned not to observe him, while he, on his part, appeared with downcast eyes and embarrass-

sed countenance, and seemed fearful of addressing her. Induced, however, by the sighs of his mistress, he said to her, with a trembling voice, 'Zanetta, you weep:' Zanetta, without answering, continued weeping. 'Am I no longer your friend,' said Antoni, 'that you cannot tell me the cause of your tears?'

'Who knows the cause so well as yourself?' said she; 'besides, are they the first you have seen me shed?'

'They are not the better founded on that account,' said Antoni; 'and if you had believed me, those I saw you shed a month ago, would have been the last.'

'That depended on Antoni,' said Zanetta; 'and I should be less afflicted if he were less inconstant.'

'Alas!' cried the youth, 'I am not guilty; appearances only are against me.'

'Why can I not believe you?' said Zanetta; 'but, your conduct forbids me. Ah, Antoni, time are changed.'

'My heart is not,' interrupted Antoni; 'it never shall be—my senses alone have been seduced.—I appeal to yourself, continued he, 'can you think that your artless charms have less power over me than those of Olympia? No, Zanetta, that majestic beauty, who

rather excites awe than love, need not give you alarm ; it is she who has cause to dread you, for you have only to appear near her to outvie her.'

" At these words, which restored peace to Zanetta, and penetrated me with grief, Antoni threw himself at her feet. The pardon of the perfidious Antoni appeared in the countenance of Zanetta, and was sealed by a tender embrace.

" By the excess of my humiliation, it was easy to conceive that of my rage. I passed the night and part of the next day a prey to contending passions. If I had yielded to the first emotions with which I was inspired, the same death had joined those whom love had already united.

" But as my revenge was more slow, I determined it should be more terrible. My pride, not less wounded than my passion had been disdained, suggested to my mind a scheme of the most execrable nature ; and I resolved to punish what I esteemed an unparalleled injury, by an unheard-of vengeance.

" The death of my father had left me mistress of a large fortune at my own disposal. In order to commit a crime, I had only to conceive one ; for who is ignorant that with gold crimes may be committed with impunity ? It was thus every base passion occupied my soul, and love, the most amiable of all, corrupted by the perverseness

of my nature, produced the most monstrous actions.

" Antoni for several months had been engaged in writing a mineralogical history of the Cavern of Strozzi, so famous for its rare petrifications, and which will doubtless now be more so by the horrors I have practised in it : he had made many voyages to this place, and had brought away various of its productions. Filled with enthusiasm at his discoveries, he had often entreated me to go and admire them.

" The day but one after the grove scene, I dissembled my fiercer sentiment, and discoursing with him on different subjects, I insensibly introduced his favourite scheme, which I knew I had only to propose to have carried into execution. It was the snare I had laid for him, and he suffered himself to be taken in it. I agreed to accompany him ; but I said to him, " I am young, and you are not of an age beyond suspicion : to prevent the tongue of slander, let us take Zanetta with us. What say you, Antoni."

" This proposition embarrassed him ; he feared lest the presence of his mistress should make him betray his love for her. The unhappy youth would have been agitated still more, had he known that I was preparing to punish him for his love.

(To be concluded next week.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.
.....

TO CENSOR.

Beware, young man of *malice* ;
'Tis the green-ey'd monster, that doth
make
The meat it feeds on.

Mr. Censor, the Chatterer expects that you will not (by this one slight essay) flatter yourself with the vain hope that he intends to enter the list with you in newspaper calumny. Far be it from him to act so derogatory to the received principles of a gentleman ; 'tis exposing one's self too much to the "scoffs and sneers of knaves and fools." I merely wish to suggest the propriety of not too hastily condemning all productions but our own ; I am always thankful for the information I receive from others : but there is a better and more congenial method of advising, than driving it down one's throat with a paving rod. What literary, moral or useful purpose could be promoted by an *unprovoked* attack upon an *invisible* foe ; who, in the true spirit of Indian warfare, hurls his tomahawk, and aims his arrows from the *covert* of concealment, and the *ambush* of safety. Such a *latent* foe, cannot with the slightest semblance of truth be greeted with the epithets of gallant, generous, or brave ; but leaving his *motives* to his own conscience, his *object* is utterly vain and visionary.

Satire, when levelled against a

particular person, on account of some fault of which he is not guilty, loses its aim ; a very moderate share of philosophy will enable a man to treat with contempt, attacks that are founded on foibles which have no existence ; and he who is more careful of the nature of his actions than their consequences, which is I hope the case with every wise and honest man, will find very little cause of dissatisfaction with himself ; while the censures that are passed upon the events of his resolutions, are mistakenly applied to those resolutions themselves ; while he sees the reflections intended to take place against his conduct, really falling only on the natural uncertainty of human actions.

CHATTERER.

For the Lady's Miscellany.
.....

Beware, O man of *hatred*—
'Tis the extirminating fiend that doth
drive
From out the breast the nobler passions,
And sets a blister there.

NO greater or more heinous crime can be cherished in the breast of man, than that of seeking an unjust revenge : it offers to the understanding under the influence found to have over strong and enlightened minds, a paradox the most bewildering and humiliating that ever existed. 'Tis a passion that urges on its votaries to deeds

of dreadful note—accustoms him to scenes which make e'en banditts tremble, and finally precipitates him with impetuosity down the dread abyss from whose bourne no traveller returns. He who suffers his feelings to be hurled in its destructive vortex, does his heart but little credit for purity.

The unprovoked and unmerited attack on *Chatterer* in a preceding number of the *Miscellany*, strongly evinces the damned passions—The being who could so unfeelingly pierce with his poisoned arrows the unsuspecting bosom, is unworthy the epithet of natural; for “nature shudders at a crime like his.”

A man possessed of intellectual talents, (says Shentone) would be more blameable in confining them to his own private use, than the mean spirited miser that did the same by his money; the latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treasures, even while he renders others the better for them. A composition that enters the world with a view of improving or amusing it, has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended. Now, in the name of common sense, what could induce *Censor* in the most diabolical manner to let fly the malignant shafts of calumny at our friend *Chat*? What private or public benefit could he derive from so mean, so paltry an artifice? If

there exists in this western world a wretch so lost to every noble feeling, then, by the arm of my body, but I must blush for my degenerate country! Open, O earth, cover his crimes, cover his shame.

That a man can spy a moat in another's eye, and not a beam in his own, is a true and ancient proverb. Now, by the pen in my hand, but this hits friend *Censor* on the very pate. I've got you, friend *Chat*, with your grammar: Oh yes, so you have, friend *Censor*; but how? Why, as the crabs swim, the wrong end foremost.—E'er you attempt to correct and expose the errors of others, take a retrospective view, and see if you are not driving towards the same rock on which they are destined by your pen to founder. A little grammar would not set you crazy. To wield the sceptre of criticism, an acquaintance with grammar extensively, a profundity of logical composition, and a copious store of satire, keen and delicate, is indispensably necessary; and since the preceding qualities are not, nor is either of them peculiarly discernable in the style and composition of *Censor*; with propriety can we swear by the goose quill he wields, he is altogether unworthy the dignity his vanity tempts him to aspire to, and which time out of mind has belonged to the literati of this renowned and beautiful Island of Manna hatta.

Farewell, thou great, thou puissant, and thou august *Censor*—long mayest thou dwell on the *Mount* from whence cometh many, oh very many, un-Pleasant things; whose criticisms, (alias would be) like the Promethean fire, hath warmed the blood to life, and wrapt you in a new existence; whose composition, like the embrient void opaque, is so transcendently pure; whose *exempli gratia* is far more sublime than that of Homer, whose grammar on a great scale, (as my friend Juniper Tom says,) is vastly superior to any grammar that ever was grammaticalised by any set of grammarians whatever.

ANTISTIVS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Messrs. Editors.

By giving publicity to the following advertisement, you will confer an obligation on a subscriber, and perhaps a greater one on some of your female readers.

NOTICE TO MAIDENS!

"Maidens! you that want to marry,
"Better now than longer tarry."

A young man, of a respectable mechanical branch, about 27 years of age, who is, and always was remarkably healthy, is tired of living a single life any longer. And as dame fortune has never thrown in his way a maiden whom he thought he could spend the remainder of

his life with in the nuptial state, he is induced thus publicly, altho' singularly, to announce his intention, and pledges himself to the maidens of this city that he is in earnest.

The advertiser is not what the world would call handsome, nor is he ugly, but passes as a tolerable good looking fellow: is remarkably pleasing in his disposition; regular in his habits, and attentive to his business, and thinks he would make an agreeable companion for a young woman of genteel connections. His object is not beauty, nor money: nor does he want a very ugly woman, and above all, he despises most horribly old maids. A girl from 16 to 20, who is not too sceptical nor too pedantic, but one who is possessed of a tolerable share of understanding, and who would be the same companion in adversity as in fortune, is the girl in which he is in pursuit of.

Such a young lady, by making application either through the medium of this paper, or by letter through the medium of the Post-Office, addressed to H. C. H. of her place of residence, will be immediately attended to.

H. C. H.

PROVERBS.

A woman and a glass are never out of danger.

The good wife doth not say, will you have this? but gives it to you.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

A CASE.

Mankind are prone to consider opulence and grandeur as synonymous with the first enjoyments this world has to bestow, and every effort is made for the purpose of assuming that style of living, which may produce us candidates for a rank in assemblies that are frequented by persons who are pronounced the first people in the village, a town or city. Alas, alas! how erroneous is this calculation! Under the smiling countenance, which to the superficial observer appears the seat of contentment, what woes, what clustering evils may rankle! The broad laugh, descriptive of such extravagant marks of glee, may be the frantic passion of despair; while those contemplative features, where pensive reflection sits enthroned, may be the index of a mind attaining tranquillity by viewing persons and things precisely in that arrangement which will insure complacency. Appearances, it is undeniably true, are not to be trusted; and the experience of every day evinces, that a superb house, rich furniture and splendid equipages, are not always infallible marks of the affluence of their possessor.

My friend Pilatiah Carewell, was returning homeward, after a

wearisome journey, taken for the disposal of some articles of traffic, for which his frugality induced him to imagine he could not afford to pay the commissions consequent on committing their sale to other hands. Nearly exhausted by fatigue, he had hardly strength sufficient to urge forward his horse, who appeared equally as dispirited as his rider. He was in an open sleigh, on a very rough road: it was in the inclement month of January, and the rude winds buffeted those locks, which time had plentifully sprinkled with venerable grey. Thus was Carewell circumstanced, when a superb carriage, finished in the highest style, passed rapidly by him: the horses, richly caparisoned, were in a foam; the curtains in front of the carriage were closely drawn: it was attended by two servants, whose livery was perfectly well known to Carewell; and by a glance catch'd at the side glasses, he discovered a gentleman who was a companion of boyish years. They were natives of the same little hamlet, were bred at one school, and began business with similar prospects. But Claudius had left the rural seat of his ancestors, and for many years had figured on a large scale in the metropolis. He began a noted speculator, had dipped deeply in navigation, and had accounts open with near every capital house in and about the city. Carewell fancied the present expedition of

Claudius had for its object a visit of state to his aged parents, who still continued at the village ; and he reflected on the elevated situation to which fortune had raised his quondam school fellow, with sensations tinged with deepening hues of envy.

How partial, thought he, are the dispensations of what we term Providence ! From the hour in which I could write man, I have observed a uniform system of economy ; the beloved woman, who did me the honor to accept my hand at the altar, has exemplified through her whole life a perfect model of discretion : frugality has been the order of my house ; every unnecessary expence has been absolutely precluded, and yet my circumstances are very moderate ; and if I would not leave penniless those whom I have introduced into being, I am advanced in life, necessitated to continue those exertions, and that rigid observance, that has attended me through my commercial career.

Claudius, on the contrary, entered on the privileges of manhood with marked avidity : he plunged headlong into the stream of pleasure ; he has never been known to deny himself a single indulgence : his buildings are magnificent, his furniture in the highest style ; his town and country houses are crowded with servants ; his dress is that of a nobleman ; his equipages are multiplied and

splendid, and both himself and family are in the first line at every place of public and private amusement. What, in the name of wonder, is the source of his prosperity ? and to what cause am I to trace my own comparative depression ?

Such were the murmurings of Carewell ; he drew up a heavy sigh, and gloomy discontent pervaded his bosom. It was just at this juncture that the high sheriff of the county passed him, as it seemed in full chace !

This was a phenomenon that arrested the whole attention of Carewell ; for an officer of justice had never before been known to visit the peaceful hamlet of B. His curiosity urged him forward, and he had no sooner reached his own dwelling, than he learned that Claudius had been taken into custody ; just as he was entering the door of that cottage in which he drew his first breath ! That his fine estates were all attached, and that it was supposed, upon an equal distribution of those possessions which Claudius had so nefariously obtained, his numerous creditors would not receive a single shilling on the pound. Carewell dropped a tear over the errors and misfortunes of Claudius. He entered his little parlour—neatness presided—the blazing hearth had received the polish of industry—the kettle boiled for tea—the elbow chair was placed in order, and Amanda

with open arms and a smile of rapture, welcomed his return. His children too crowded around him, and a little spruce waiting maid, under pretence of arranging the tea apparatus, caught a peep; while a domestic, grown grey in his service, took the opportunity of replenishing the fire, to hail once more the benign countenance of his master. Carewell seated himself—his hands and eyes were raised to Heaven, and expressions the most extatic burst spontaneously from his lips.

Kembleton, July 4.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

....
VARIETY.
....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
.....

A PLAY UPON WORDS.

Says Charles to John, should you take up your residence in such a town, (naming it) you'd scarcely make your bread.

Jack—I hardly think I shall, since I'll not knead it.

Charles—What! not need bread?

Jack—If I should want it, how could I knead it?

Charles—I do not understand you.

Jack—The fact is, a man must want bread if he need it; and he

cannot want it if he knead it. If he needs it he must want it: if he does not knead it, he shall want it. Why need he boast his famed independence, since, whether he need or does not knead bread, yet shall he want it.

A journeyman weaver named Appleton, on Friday undertook for a trifling wager to eat 36 penny buns and drink two quarts of ale in 40 minutes, at a public house near Long alley, in Moorfields; he devoured 30 of the buns and drank half the ale in little more than half an hour, but he had by that time become so ill, that he fell from his seat, and was carried to his apartments in Wheeler-street, Spitalfields, in a state of insensibility. *London paper.*

Bishop Taylor—Bishop Taylor once told a lady of his acquaintance, who was neglectful of her son's education—"Madam, if you do not choose to fill your boy's head with something, believe me the Devil will. The Spanish proverb has it, "The devil tempts every man, but an idle man positively tempts the devil."

MUNGO PARK.

On the 17th of June the Spanish brig Bolador, Pedro Paliel, master, on a voyage from the river Gam.

bia to Pensacola, with slaves, put into Nassau, N. P. for water and provisions, having been 52 days out.

By this vessel we have the pleasure to learn, that hopes are revived of Mungo Park's being yet alive. An African had arrived at Senegal from the interior, with intelligence that this celebrated traveller was then in the Bambara nation, a close prisoner: and this account was so far credited as to induce Major Maxwell, the commandant, to fit out a vessel at Goree [the schooner *George, Credit, master,*] to take the African informant up the Gambia, with promises of due reward, should he be able to bring back a letter or other token from the prisoner, to establish the fact. The schooner had returned before the Bolador sailed, after having landed the African a considerable distance up the river.

CURE FOR THE TOOTH ACHE.

An eminent apothecary in the vicinity of London, has lately recommended, as an effectual cure for the tooth-ache, the following remedy, which he has been in the habit of using for many years, and out of the number of cases eight-tenths have succeeded, viz. to take three table spoon fulls of brandy, adding to it one drachm of camphire, with 30 or 40 drops of laudanum, and then dropping a little upon some lint, and applying it to

the tooth affected, keeping the lint moistened for five minutes, only on the tooth and gum.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The archbishop of Canterbury attended Queen Elizabeth in the last moments of her life. He endeavoured to console her, by saying that she had every thing to hope from the mercy of the Almighty, for her piety, her zeal, and the admirable work of the reformation, which she had so happily established.

The queen, who had turned to the other side of the bed, interrupted the archbishop, by saying, "My Lord, the crown which I wore for many years, made me sufficiently vain while I lived. I beg you will not encrease it, while I am so near death.

After this, her respiration failed; she fell into agonies that lasted eighteen hours, and then expired.

BURDETTITE COSTUME.

Green coats with gilt buttons, nankeen waistcoats and trowsers, or small clothes, with white silk stockings and gaiters, are beginning to be sported by those who are considered to be the leaders of the Burdettites.

QUIN'S ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND.

This actor being asked 'if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people?' 'If you mean the lower order of them (replied he) I shall be at a loss to answer you; for I had no farther acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility, they are numerous, and for the most part proud and beggarly. I remember when I crossed from the North of Ireland into their d—d country, I came to a little wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the stile of the Hot-tentots, the principal of which was an Inn, and kept by an *Earl*. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me, supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune and great family. The *Earl* ran, and took hold of my stirrup while I dismounted; then turning to his eldest son who stood by us without breeches, said, "My Laird, do you tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sister, Lady Betty, to draw him a pint o' twopenny, for I suppose so great a mon will ha' the best liquor I' the whole hoos." I was obliged, (continued Quin) to stay here the whole night, and to make a supper of rotten potatoes and bad smelling eggs. The old nobleman was indeed very complaisant, and made me accept of his own bed. I cannot say that the dormitory was the best in the

world, for there was nothing but an old box to sit upon in the room, and neither sheets nor curtains to the bed. Lady Betty, was kind enough to apologize for the apartment, assuring me, "many persons of great dagnaty had frequently slept in it; and that though the blonkets lak'd sae block, it was not quite four years sin they had been washed by the Countess her mother, and Lady Matilda Caroline Amelia Eleonora Sophia, one of her younger sisters. She then wished me a good night, and said, that "the Viscount, her brother, would tak particular care to greaze my boots."

Sufficiently illiberal this, but every general reader will recollect the names of men greater than Quin, who have been still more illiberal towards poor Scotland.

GIFT OF THE GAB.

A young man, a shoemaker, who was deaf and dumb, was married to a sprightly young girl:—At the wedding there were present three of the bridegroom's sisters, with two young men, who were all born deaf and dumb, so that there were six dumb persons convened on this occasion. The minister asking the bride how he should marry them, she told him to *do the best he could to buckle them together.*

Milton said—one tongue was

enough for a woman. Here one woman's tongue answered a good purpose for two persons, and indeed for six or seven.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, JULY 27, 1810.

The City Inspector reports the death of 46 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.—viz. 12 men, 10 women, 10 boys, and 14 girls.

Melancholy accident—During the rain on Monday last, a boy of about nine years of age, took shelter under the brow of Bayard's Mount, commonly called Bunker's-Hill, where the carmen had been digging; when instantly, a part of the hill gave way, and fell on him—he was immediately extricated; physicians were called, and on examination it was found that his collar bone was broke, and neck dis-jointed.

An alarming accident happened on Tuesday morning last, in the family of Chancellor Livingston, at Clermont. The Chancellor, with his lady and grandchild, the daughter of Robert L. Livingston, Esq. were riding in their coach, when the horses started and ran, and overturning the carriage, dashed the passengers to the ground, to the imminent danger of their lives. Mrs. Livingston had an arm broken—the Chancellor was badly cut and bruised in his head and hands, and the child was severely injured.

Le Chevalier D'Eon—This celebrated public character is just dead—It had been confidently believed for many years, that the Chevalier was a female, but on dissecting the body, the contrary has been found to be the fact. It may be remembered, that about 36 years ago, policies were actually opened to ascertain the sex of this extraordinary non-descript, to the amount of 200,000 pounds, which were eventually decided and paid, upon a surgical certificate, and an investigation by a jury of matrons, that the Chevalier was a female!—They decided thus, it was supposed, because a just verdict would have involved the character of a brave officer. The deceased was formerly French charge d'Affaires at our court. *Lon. paper.*

It is said, James Archer, an English artist, has invented Bank plates that cannot be counterfeited. It is allowed that his invention is ingenious, and a tribute to his talents.

A man put an end to his life in Milton, N. Y. by cutting his throat with a dull ax. His name was Wheeler Knapp, of Providence—He was terribly mangled.

Great complaints is made of the destruction which the Fly makes in different parts of Maryland.

A dreadful gale of wind from the South-East came on at Orschosh in Siberia, at the latter end of January, and which lasted for two days. The water of Ochota, which, after passing through that city, empties itself into the sea, was elevated twelve feet above its ordinary level, and carried over the tops of the houses situated in the neighbourhood of its banks. The tempest coming on at night, between two and three hundred of the inhabitants perished in their sleep. A transport belonging to the India Company, which the tempest had carried into the river in 1808, was raised by the waves, and forced into the middle of the town.

Rio Janeiro, March 15.

On the 13th of the present month, the Spanish Prince Don Pedro, will be married to the Princess Royal of Portugal, niece to his Catholic Majesty Ferdinand the 7th.

Errata—In 13th No. of the Miscellany, in the piece signed *Cupid*, instead of "though they demand interest," read "though the demon interest."

MARRIED,

On the 23d July, at Harlem, by the Rev. Dr. Romaine, Mr. Joseph De Jongh, of Liverpool, to Miss Henrietta Williams, daughter of Christopher Williams, Esq. of South Carolina.

On the 21st instant, at Trinity Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Alfred S. Pell, to Miss Delia Duane, daughter of the late James Duane, Esq.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. James Osborne, to Mrs Mary Whalin, all of this city.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Alexander Johnson, merchant, to Miss Ann Poyntel, daughter of William Poyntell; and Mr. Joseph Parham, to Miss Harriet Dunlap, daughter of John Dunlap, Esq.

DIED,

At Cambridge, Mass. suddenly, the Rev. Samuel Webber, D. D. President of Hartford University.

On the 20th inst, of a short but painful illness, Mr. John Morse, aged 71, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On board the ship General Hamilton, at sea, on Sunday last, Moses Zuntz, son of Mr. Alex. Zuntz, of this city, in the 20th year of his age.

At St. Domingo, on the 16th ult. Mr. Day Wood, merchant, of the house of Simonton & Wood, of Philadelphia, aged 25.

On the 20th inst. at Greenville, Mass. in the 25th year of his age, Mr. Benjamin Root. Mr. Root had resided for the last four years in this city, and was esteemed for his many amiable qualities.



.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

The following lines were written by the side of a spring, which the author was led to visit, as a pleasing and youthful scene, after a six years absence.

THE VISITATION.

Beside this pure spring, amid embow'r-
 ing trees,
 Where in childhood oft I've screen'd the
 noon-tide's heat,
 I've set me down, myself would fain to
 please,
 While the muse inspires in this lone re-
 treat.

Come, gentle muse, beneath this sylvan
 bower,
 My soul inspire for each rural theme,
 From each pure source, let me own thy
 power,
 While of youthful joys I here attempt
 to sing.

Here contemplation wakes the feeling
 heart,
 And call to memory hours of rural joy,
 When I was young, and play'd my
 youthful part,
 In scenes of pleasure, and bliss without
 alloy.

Here by this fount, whence flows a pur-
 ling rill,

Where all the rustic train were wont to
 meet,
 And the cookoo oft on each neighb'ring
 hill,
 Her notes soft sounded thro' the vallies
 sweet.

When evening shed her cerulean mantle
 round,
 Gave hours of leisure from the day's
 long toil;
 Sweet song and mirth in social glee
 went round,
 So soft and mellow that no bosom'd foil-

Oft 'neath this shade I've seen the peas-
 ant smile,
 O'er his full flask, foaming to the brim,
 First drank, then laught, and so each
 hour'd beguile,
 While for water more he dipt his vessel
 in.

Here round these fields, oft I've rov'd
 for game;
 Spent many an hour at each early dawn,
 Shot the fleet pigeon in my way that
 came,
 And awkward hare, that leapt across the
 lawn.

To ELIZA here, I told my tale of love,
 At eve's approach, while oft the distant
 bell,
 Came slowly sounding thro' the neigh-
 b'ring grove;
 With each soft lay of lonely philomel.

At early dawn, and at each close of day,
 The poor ag'd widow from her cottage
 came
 For water here; while on each neigh-
 b'ring spray
 The feather'd songsters sang in mellow
 strain.

'Neath yon high cliff that hangs in
 shaggy green,
 Oft at eve the matron would repair,

Her faggots gather, save by the shep-
herd seen,
Whose flock his only and his daily care.

Ah! happy scenes, lost but in mem'ry's
reign;
No more to enjoy thee, and thy bles-
sings given;
Remembrance only fills my heart with
pain,
Thou wert soften'd with the smiles of
Heaven.

MORDEN.

*The following beautiful lines are copied
from the London Courier.*

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

From the "Leisure Hour Improved."

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies;
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves th' expiring breast

So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are
o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies the wave along the shore.

Triumphant, smiles the victor brow,
Fann'd by some angel's purple wings;
O Grave! where is thy vict'ry now?
Invidious death! where is thy sting?

A holy quiet reigns around;
A calm which nothing can destroy;
Naught can disturb that peace profound
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn ap-
pears?
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'Sweet is the scene when virtue dies.'

*Translation of an Italian Sonnet upon an
English Watch—By Mrs. Piozzi.*

Oh skill'd to measure day and night!
Small elegant machine;
On which to pore with fix'd delight,
Britannia's sons are seen:

Time, fell destroyer, holds his place
Triumphant o'er thy wheels,
And on the fair enamel'd face
Imprints each hour he steals.

While one by one the minutes fly,
Touch'd by thy magic hand,
Each still reproaches with a sigh,
Dull duty's ling'ring band;

Wouldst thou from thy prolific breast
One hour to me resign,
Willing to fate I'd yield the rest,
That hour of bliss be mine!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

M'CARTY & WHITE,

No. 317 Water-street, New-York;
in half-yearly volumes, containing twenty-
six numbers each, (issued weekly) at
One Dollar the volume, payable quar-
terly. Distant patrons to pay in ad-
vance. Postage to be paid on all letters
directed to the Editors.